

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 3. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

The Inchcape Bell;

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA IN THREE ACTS,

By EDWARD FITZ-BALL, Esq.

Author of "The Pilot," "Father and Son," "The Flying Dutchman," &c.

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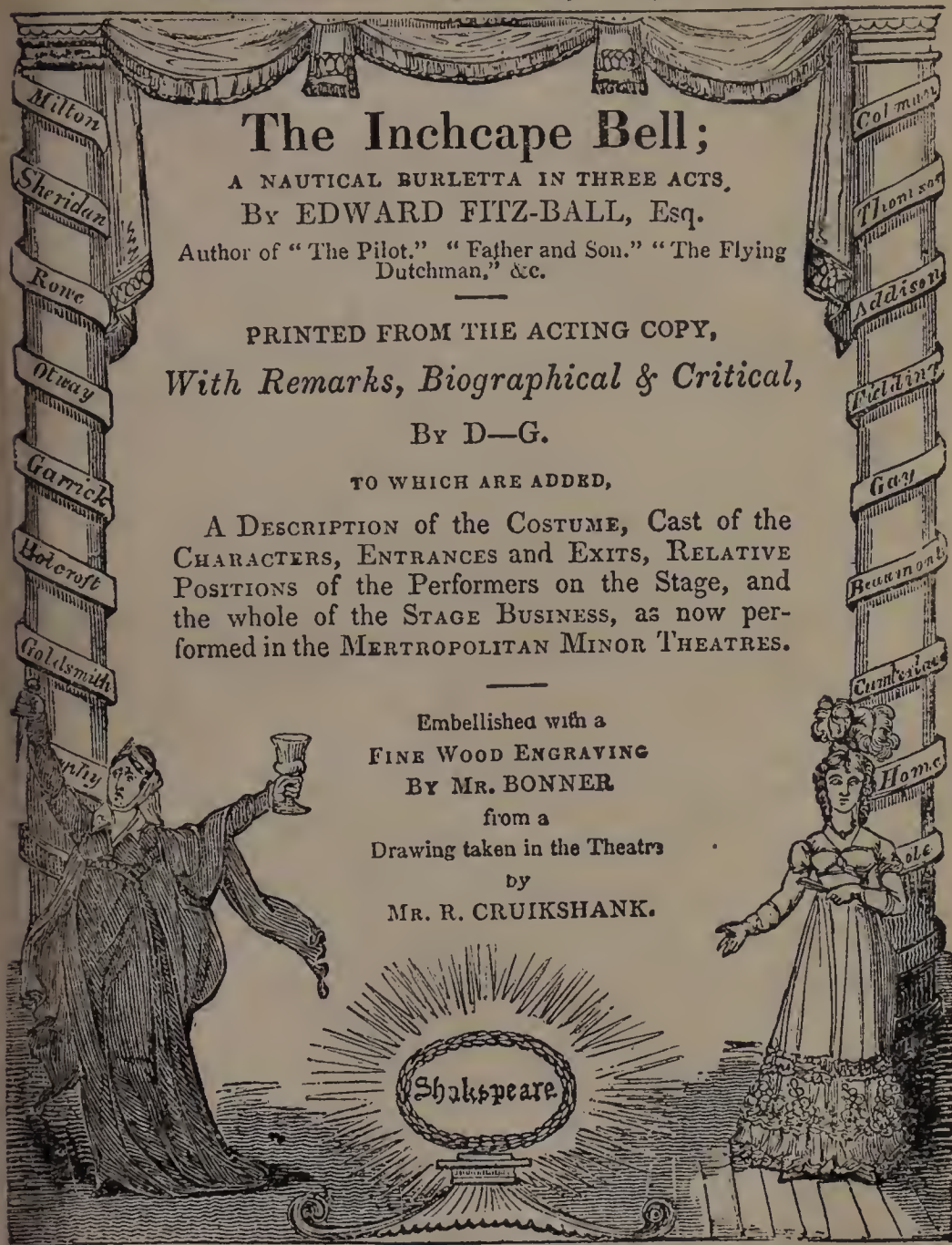
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING
BY MR. BONNER
from a
Drawing taken in the Theatre
by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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THE INCHCAPE BELL:

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA,

In Two Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.,

Author of Wardock Kennilson, The Flying Dutchman, The Pilot, Peveril of the Peak, The Three Hunchbacks, Fortunes of Nigel, Joan of Arc, The Earthquake, Mary Glastonbury, Floating Beacon, &c.

THE MUSIC BY G. H. RODWELL, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
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REMARKS.

The Enchrape Bell.

IT would be rolling the stone *Sisyphus*, to argue against the general feeling of mankind—

“ Persuade a man against his will,
He’s of the same opinion still.”

Some folks, wiser in their generation than others, have denied the truth of supernatural appearances; and for the best reason in the world—because they have not been subject to them—and have set up their own opinion, founded on *presumed* impossibility, against *positive conviction*. Now, heaven mend that philosopher who believes nothing out of the limit of his individual experience! He is like the wiseacre who thought there was no world beyond *Highgate Hill*, because his Sunday excursions had never passed the boundaries of Whittington’s stone! We may still draw a line betwixt the credulity that *swallows*, and the scepticism that *doubts*, every thing. The one would receive as gospel Antolien’s merry ballads of the *fish* and the *money-bags*;—the other would argue Bardolph’s nose off his face, and, with the fiery proof of its existence, debate the *why* and the *wherefore* that it should exist! Mankind are prone to the marvellous; and the greater the ignorance, the greater the superstition: yet romance has the power of enchaining the imagination of the wisest of us; and a tale of terror will make each particular hair to stand an end on heads to which craniologists would assign a liberal share of the organ of penetration. If the terrible be found to work such wonders in the *closet*, we cannot be surprised at its introduction on the *stage*, where fiction assumes the garb of reality; where the tolling of bells, the clanking of chains, the roaring of tempests, and the rushing of waters, are no longer left to the imagination; and ghosts glide from their prison-houses in all the majesty of blue flame and candle-light! So powerfully have we been impressed with the illusion, that we have not found time to ask ourselves, what portion might belong to the machinist, the actor, or the author. We have been struck, but whether by paint or pasteboard, sense or nonsense, we have no more regarded, than did Bobadil, whether the stick that belaboured him was of oak or crab—we only know that, like the captain, we have been *struck*!

A minor theatre is the proper region of *melodrame*—an entertainment to which we have no objection, provided it be found in its right place. Indeed, our sharpest tirades have been directed, not at its existence, but its introduction into temples professedly devoted to the dramatic muse. If we behold a cabbage in a tulip-bed, or a blacking-brush in a beef-steak pie, our ancient prejudices, of propriety of place scout the unsightly intruders. That the *stage*, so rich in the works of our greatest poets, should invade the petty provinces of the minor drama, is *not* most praiseworthy, but intolerable; since no *honour*, and we suspect but little *profit*, can result from the


spoils. The minor theatres have, however, of late years, been making their reprisals; and, as certain Scottish Lairds (of whom we read) were wont to drive away by night their neighbours' cattle, our minor managers (during the *night* also!) have driven away sundry heads (many with very little in them) of dramatic authors! And we may behold them making a Richard of one actor, a Hamlet of another, a "Ghost of him that *lets him*," of a third; till the whole company, to whom the delivery of half a dozen lines would be a cruel imposition, are as totally lost in their new titles, as the mushroom *nobility*, so whimsically alluded to by the Bastard Faulconbridge—

"Good den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy, *fellow*,
And if his name be George, I call him Peter."

We desire nothing more than to see *every* department of the drama judiciously filled; and let it no longer be said, that *man* is the only animal in the creation who brings down ridicule on himself by the wilful misapplication of his proper talents:—

"Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog, by instinct, turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide."
—Then why should *actors* rant or squeak,
Whom nature never made to *speak*?"

This melodrame, or, in the modern phrase, *Nautical Drama*, is founded on a tale of terror.—The Bell Rock, or "Inch-Cape Rock," as it is more commonly designated by mariners, is a sunken rock off the north-east coast of Scotland, and was formerly very dangerous to sailors. The abbots of Aberbrothock, or Aberbrothwick, a religious foundation, standing near the coast, caused a large bell to be erected on the float near to the rock, so as to ring by the agitation of the sea, and by this simple means to indicate to the bewildered seaman the perilous situation in which he was placed. There is a tradition current among the inhabitants of the coast, that the bell was cut from the float, and stolen, and that the person who committed this nefarious act afterwards met his fate by shipwreck on this very rock, during a dark and stormy night. On this tradition Mr. Ball has founded his piece, which is judiciously chosen for dramatic interest and effect. There is some tolerably good writing in the scene between Guy Ruthven and Sir John Trevanly, where the former recapitulates his own and his mother's wrongs. Mr. Rayner, played Guy Ruthven, with great judgment and feeling.

 D—G.

Costume.

SIR JOHN TREVANLY.—Mourning—white hair.

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL.—Blue undress frock coat—white trousers—naval hat and sword.

GUY RUTHVEN.—Tattered sailor's jacket, one sleeve gone—torn plaid trousers, much torn, discovering the naked leg—hair wild and matted—tattered russet shoes.

HANS HATTOCK.—Brown shape, with tabs, trimmed with black and scarlet, and large buttons—blue striped shirt—pantaloon to correspond—russet boots—high black hat, and red feathers.

DUMB BOY.—Sailor's jacket and trousers—torn striped shirt—white hair, loose.

SAMPSON SAWDUST.—Sailor's blue jacket—red waistcoat—canvass trousers—fur cap—shoes and buckles.

JUPITER SEABREEZE.—Red marine jacket—white trousers—hat and feather.

AMELIA.—White plaid dress, full trimmed.

BECKY BUTTERFLY.—Gay cotton gown—cap, and blue ribands—white apron—pink petticoat—shoes and buckles.

MRS. TAPPS.—Coloured cotton gown—white neckerchief and apron—high cap, with pink ribands.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Surrey Theatre, 1828.

<i>Sir John Trevanly, a retired Sea Officer</i>	Mr. Bromley
<i>Captain Taffrail, of the Preventive Service</i>	} Mr. Kirk
<i>Hans Hattock, the Rover</i>	
<i>Guy Ruthven, the Outcast</i>	Mr. Rayner
<i>The Dumb Sailor-Boy</i>	Miss Scott
<i>Sampson Sawdust, a Ship Carpenter</i>	Mr. Vale
<i>Jupiter Seabreeze, a Marine</i> '	Mr. Rogers
<i>Amelia</i>	Mrs. Smith
<i>Beckey Butterfly, her Attendant</i>	Mrs. Vale
<i>Mrs. Tapps, the Landlady</i>	Madame Simon

Sailors, Marines, Smugglers, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of an old-fashioned Public-House on the Sea-Coast, L.—Inscription over the Door, “The Inchcape Bell”—an ancient Castle on distant Cliffs—Vessels mooring, R.—a Tree, under which Mrs. Tapps is spreading a Table.*

Seamen discovered mending Nets, &c.—they come forward, and sing—

CHORUS.

Over the green and curling wave,
Warning the seaman from his grave,
When rocks disappear, and billows swell,
Ding, dong, rings the Inchcape Bell.
Ding, dong, &c. *[Bell heard.*

Oft, through the stilly midnight gloom,
Knelling the drowned wretch to his tomb,
Through sullen rock, and tempest yell,
Ding, dong, rings the Inchcape bell.
Ding, dong, &c. *[Exeunt Seamen, R.*

Enter JUPITER from the Inn, L.

Jup. Here comes Captain Taffrail, my master; hurrah! lend a hand there, boys, to tow in the boat; yo ho, your honour!

Taf. *[Without, R. U. E.]* What cheer? what cheer? yo ho!

Enter TAFFRAIL, landing from a Boat, out of which Jupiter takes a Portmanteau, and carries it into the House, L.

Mrs. T. (L. C.) Welcome, your honour, to the Inchcape Bell: thanks to the previous arrival of your servant, Mr Jupiter, every thing is in ship-shape. Won't your ho-

nour walk in, and take refreshment after your honour's fatigue.

Taf. (c.) No, I thank you, my good lady. If this table be not better engaged, I'll take it; this seat commands a fine sea view—and yonder old castle—

Mrs. T. Belongs to Sir John Trevanly, your honour.

Taf. Who has been lately travelling on the Continent.

Mrs. T. Yes, with his young and beautiful niece, Miss Amelia.

Taf. [*Aside.*] She is here, then. I must and will obtain another interview; she'll relent—I'm sure she will. Much as I disliked my new appointment to this preventive service, since it has conducted me to Amelia's feet—
[*Bell heard.*] What bell is that?

Mrs. T. That's the *Inchcape Bell*, your honour.

Taf. Still I don't understand.

Mrs. T. It's a bell constructed by Sir John's orders, which, being attached to a raft, is rung by the rising of the sea itself, and serves as a warning to mariners to keep off the dangerous Inchcape Rock, when it is concealed by the water, your honour.

Taf. A benevolent man, this Sir John Trevanly, though an unfortunate one, as I'm sorry to understand.

Mrs. T. Yes, it's now some years ago, during Sir John's absence in town, to wait on his majesty, that the smugglers pillaged the castle, and carried away Lady Trevanly and her infant son: many people are of opinion that both mother and son were murdered in the very cavern where the Inchcape Bell hangs.

Taf. And the assassins never discovered?

Mrs. T. Never, to my knowledge; but your honour stands in need of something better than sad stories—we have excellent wine.

Taf. [*Sits at table.*] I'll trouble you for some.

Mrs. T. Trouble! It's a pleasure. [*Exit into the Inn, L.*]

Taf. Poor Sir John; I don't wonder at his reluctance to separate from his niece.

Enter JUPITER from the Inn, L.

Well, Jupiter, how do you like the house?

Jup. A mud-hole! a mere mud-hole, your honour.

Taf. Well, but a mud-hole, touched by the necromantic shaft of love, becomes a golden palace; what ecstasy to be so near my Amelia!

Jup. Ah sir! but I've better news than that: my old

flame, Beckey Butterfly, whom, when I last quitted England, I left barmaid at the Crab in Boots, has come somehow to live at the castle here, and is now principal soubrette to your Amelia.

Taf. Have you seen Beckey?

Jup. Yes, for a few minutes only: the false-hearted hussy! she had the assurance to tell me she'd gotten a new sweetheart, one Sampson Sawdust, a carpenter: think of a carpenter, after a smart little handsome marine like me; a tar-bucket to a bottle of burgundy: ha, ha! I say, captain, if we could but press these women aboard our schooner, what a splice the chaplain would make of it.

Taf. Egad, I wish it were possible! [*Sampson sings without, R. U. E.*—But who's that?

Sam. [*Without.*] "A sawyer's the man, with his hammer and nails;

His spirits are stout, and his heart never fails."

Holla! Inchcape Bell! Mother Taps! ho! soho!

Enter SAMPSON SAWDUST, R. U. E., who crosses to the Inn, L., meeting Mrs Tapps, who re-enters from the house, L., with wine and bread in a basket.

Mrs. T. Your servant, Mr. Sawdust, your servant.

[*Goes to the table with wine.*

Jup. Mr. Sawdust! oh ho! 'tis the very man—how I should like to strangle him!

Sam. [*Putting down his basket of tools*] Take care, little fellow; don't tumble into my basket.

Jup. I—little fellow—what a rhinoceros!

Sam. Boo! [*Jupiter retires up.*] And you, Mother Taps, you are a nice woman!

Mrs. T. (c.) Dear me, Mr. Sawdust, what are you going to say? No harm, I hope, before customers.

[*Taffrail comes down, R.*

Sam. I begs pardon, your honour, but on my way from the next village, through the short cuts among the rocks there, I just met with a poor body that's a-starving—and that's a shame I makes free to nail on the back of the first housekeeper I meets with; that's you, Mother Taps,—do you know anything of a famished boy?

Mrs. T. Ah! then you've seen the Dumb Sailor-Boy of the rocks, whom every body is talking about so.

Taf. (R.) What dumb sailor-boy?

Mrs. T. A poor outcast *cretur*, your honour, who of late has been seen wandering amongst the almost inaccessible recesses once so haunted by the smugglers.

Taf. But who is he?

Mrs. T. Nobody can tell that; all attempts to detain him have been in vain; he speaks by action, and never quits his retreat, except impelled by hunger.

Sam. Then he's hungry enough now, for here he comes—no, he's afraid.

Mrs. T. Come here, boy; we'll give you something to eat.

Taf. Show him something to eat; here, boy, here; we'll do you no harm.

[*MUSIC.—As he holds up the basket, the Boy rushes wildly on R., sinks on his knees, and begins to eat voraciously—Jupiter comes down, R.*]

Jup. Well, I declare he runs and eats like a greyhound: if you can't speak, boy, what's your name?

Sam. Numpskull!

Jup. Well, I'm sure, that's a very odd name indeed; I'm glad it doesn't apply to me. [*Goes up.*]

Taf. What a picture of misery! Boy, do you understand when you are spoken to? can you hear?

[*MUSIC.—The Boy kisses his hands, and implies that he can hear.*]

Taf. You perceive he does understand me; I must endeavour to understand him.

Hans Hattock. [*In the House, L.*] Landlady! where are you? ho!

[*The Boy utters an exclamation of terror, and suddenly starts up, trembling—drops the basket.*]

Taf. He's terrified! whose voice was that in the house

Mrs. T. That? oh! Hans Hattock's, an honest trader, who comes here from foreign parts once in a while; his ship is just off the coast; never fear him, boy,—he's a kind-hearted—I may say a charitable *cretur*; why, his stay now is to pay a visit to an old comrade of his in distress,—poor crazy Guy Ruthven, who, for the matter of that, is as indigent and friendless as this boy.

[*The door opens; and, as Hans presents himself, the Boy, with a cry of terror, rushes out, R.*]

Hans. 'Tis he!

Taf. You know that boy?

Hans. I—ugh—no, no [*Eagerly.*—do you?

Taf. We know that he is unfortunate—that he is pe-

rishing for want ; but you and he seemed to recognise each other.

Hans. Yes ; it struck me that he was a deserter from my ship—I must follow him. [*Exit hastily, R.*]

Sam. [*Having observed Hans.*] If that man's *fissygog-nomy* doesn't mean no good, I don't know a mopnail from a tin-tack.

Jup. Well said, Sawdust ; what think you, your honour ?

Taf. I'm of the same opinion ; besides, Hans Hattock's ship bears no good name. [*Musing.*] Jupiter !

Jup. Your honour ?

Taf. Call back the boatmen—I may require their assistance.

Jup. Ay, ay, your honour. [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Taf. Friend carpenter, you are acquainted with this neighbourhood ; you must become my pilot to the Dumb Boy's retreat.

Sam. Why, your honour, I'd do anything in a charitable way ; but really them there caverns are so cold, and my constitution so delicate, that—

Taf. Nay, no remonstrance, sir : I have an imperfect knowledge of this Hans Hattock ; for aught I know, the life of one of his majesty's subjects may be at stake here. I charge you, in the king's name, to attend me—refuse at your peril.

Sam. Well, your honour, I'm ready at all times to sarve his mostgracious majesty ; but surely his majesty's generosity wouldn't object to my taking a little small tiny drop of brandy with me, just to keep up my courage—excuse my modesty ; but mine's a poor constitution.

Taf. By all means, the brandy ! [*Exit, R.*]

Sam. Here's my pocket vial ; fill it, Mother Taps ; it is but a little one, but it sarves a purpose. [*Gives a large bottle to Mrs. Taps, who goes into the Inn, L.*] Lead the way, your honour—I'll not fail. Come, Mother Taps, make haste.

Re-enter MRS. TAPS.

You take care of my basket—my hatchet I takes with me ; I never travels without my hatchet,—with that and brandy I never fears cutting my way through the world. [*Exit Mrs. Taps into the Inn, L.*] I likes brandy—it makes one brave and loving ; I always drinks it when I goes a-courting.

SONG.—SAMPSON.

AIR—"Blue Bonnets."

Drink, drink, lovers of every sort;
 Then, my boys, boldly you Cupid may throttle:
 Drink, drink, while you can get a drop;
 Often man's courage lies hid in a bottle:
 Many a Captain Bluff
 Feels his pulse low enough,
 Nor dares the question pop, though e'er so handy.
 Prime and make ready, then,—
 Boys, when you kiss again,
 Smacks for the lasses, and bravos for brandy.
 Drink, drink, else you may shut up shop;
 All know that love is an awkward disorder;
 Drink, drink, while you can get a drop,
 Then march to love's battle straight forward in order.
[Staggering.

Come, carpenters all, whose hammers are thumping—
 Tailors enamoured, and trembling with fears—
 Come, and get groggy, while *Cupit* is bumping—
 Come with the thimble, the bodkin, and shears.
 Lasses *hates* bashful men;
 Here's *lignum wity*, then—
 Brandy, the balsam of ev'ry disorder:
 You that, like me, *am* shy,
 Drink, and 'tis all my eye,—
 March to love's battle straight forward in order.
[Staggering out, R.

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Room in the Castle, a Window in C. F.—the Portraits of a Lady and Child hanging up, R.*

Enter SIR JOHN TREVANLY, L.

Sir J. Ever, on the anniversary of this fatal day—a day of woe, of misery, to the wretched, heirless Trevanly—my soul turns with new yearning to yon sad lineaments. Oh! my sainted wife—my lost, lost boy, worse than dead, torn from me in a fatal unguarded hour! oh! when will my torn, lacerated heart have ceased to remember, to deplore ye! Must I still live, live on, despairing? Hear me, Heaven!

Enter AMELIA with caution, L., regarding him as he gazes at the Picture.

Ame. My uncle! my dear, loved, unhappy uncle!

[He starts—she throws herself into his arms.

Sir J. My only, only child!

Ame. Oh sir! if you love me, why continue to yield yourself to this despondency! your health, your life, is rapidly declining beneath accumulating sorrow. I knew, I was sure, your return to this melancholy scene of early misery must increase the gloom which too fully occupies your heart: for your poor Amelia's sake, I entreat you, dear sir, study to abandon these too vain regrets.

Sir J. Yes, I will, my child—my good, obedient Amelia: truly, as thou sayest, my once peaceful home does indeed more fully remind me of all I have lost, while it leads me to forget the remaining gem which I ought most to estimate. We'll not tarry long here, Amelia, for your sake; no, no,—yet I'm glad that I have this roof to screen me from the world on the anniversary of the distracting day on which I was deprived of my wife,—my poor boy; but I'll be firm, Amelia; yet a father's, a husband's feelings will have way.

Ame. Tears; ah! come with me, dear uncle, I'll take my harp, and sing to you; you know that always consoles you.

Sir J. Presently, presently, Amelia: I'll retire an instant; after a moment of solitude, of devotion, and tears, I shall be better. Come presently—presently, good girl.

[Hurries out, R

Ame. Ah, woe is me! if my hand were not already promised to another, how could I add to the sufferings of my uncle, by acceding to an union, which, as yet, his voice has not sanctioned.

Enter BECKEY, L.

Bec. Not marry Captain Taffrail, miss; not see him!

Ame. How can I, Beckey? Long ere I beheld Captain Taffrail, my uncle had promised my hand to another, and has he not kindly consented to leave me to my own choice, on condition that I accede to the suit of no one till the completion of a year; that year will soon have expired, and how dishonourable, undutiful in me, not to keep my word with my uncle. His sufferings—

Bec. Consider the Captain's sufferings, Miss.

Ame. I do ; but, if Captain Taffrail truly loves me, as he professes, the present delay will but enable him, by his patience, to prove that affection : what letter is that in your hand ?

Bec. A love-letter, Miss.

Ame. A love-letter ! Indeed—from whom ?

Bec. From my new sweetheart, Sampson Sawdust : I loves love-letters, so I always make Sampson send me one every morning by the carrier ; here's a pistol, miss, all charged with oaths and detestations, that go quite through your heart, so they do—only listen. [*Reads.*] “*Dearest and most beautifullest Beckey—I love you a great deal*”—(a great deal,—you know Sampson's a carpenter, miss)—“*a great deal better than I do good nails ; your heart is the sawpit of my affection ; and the gimlet of your eye has bored such a hole right through my brist, that if you don't shortly consent to plug it up with Hy-menses torch, I shall be dead and useless as a rusty saw.*—*Your's, inaffectionately,* SAMPSON SAWDUST.”

Ame. Ha, ha ! if you love Sampson, why not marry him.

Bec. Why, that's true ; and Sampson has offered to make an honest woman of me, as you perceive, miss ; but I fear the thing's impossible.

Ame. How ?

Bec. Why, you must know, miss, I've gotten another sweetheart, Jupiter Seabreeze, the captain's little man, and he's wanting to make an honest woman of me, too.

Ame. You astonish me.

Bec. Ah, miss ! I've astonished many in my time, I promise you. Jupiter's more genteeler, and writes finer love-letters than Sawdust ; but then, again, you know he's such a morsel of a man, not bigger than one's thimble.

Ame. I don't think you are likely to break your heart for either, Beckey, if I may judge by your discourse.

Bec. Why, you see, miss, as for heart-breaking, we servants have to pay for breakages, and that always makes me very careful ; and hearts, you know, are neither to be bought nor mended, like cups and saucers ; but won't you write a line to the captain, miss, just to welcome him ashore. Jupiter assured me, that his master would be at the Inchcape Bell by this time ; I'm just going down to the village, and I could leave the letter, you know.

Ame. I'm afraid it would be very wrong.

Bec. I'm sure it would be very charitable; and, as parson says at church, charity covers a multitude of sins—and the captain's so uneasy for a line; you'll break his heart if you don't write, miss.

Ame. Well, Beckey, sooner than do that—

Bec. Ah, you'll write. Well, miss, I'll go and busy myself till the letter's finished.

Ame. Oh, you needn't do that.

Bec. Indeed; why not, miss?

Ame. Oh! because it is finished already.

[*Gives a letter from her pocket.*]

Bec. Daisy me! I suppose she wrote it in her pocket; sure, how clever some folks be. Ah, miss, I see you young ladies likes loves letters as well as we poor servant girls—I'm sure it's very pretty amusement; so I'm off: how pleased the captain will be. I'll bring you an answer, miss: the captain will give me half-a-crown; and, Jupiter, he'll give me a kiss: daisy me! I wish he was a little taller—he can scarcely reach my lips.

[*Exit, L.*]

Ame. Happy Beckey! what innocent insensibility! Heigho! I'm afraid, by these palpitations, that my tenderness on Taffrail's account is even more deeply rooted than I believed; but my uncle,—yonder he sits, so sad, so mournful, [*Looking off, R.*] I must not forget him. Ah! how assuasive is the voice of those we love!

SONG.—AMELIA.

Let us wander through the meadows,

Where the water-lilies bloom,

And the honey-bee is drinking,

From the cups of golden broom.

In my bow'r full of beauty,

While the tear is in your eye,

I'll take my harp, and sing the song

Of happy days gone by.

Let us wander through the forest,

Under leaf and under bough,

Where the merry birds are singing,

And the briar-roses blow.

In my bower, &c.

[*Exit, L.*]

Re-enter SIR JOHN, approaching the picture.

Sir J. In the absence of Amelia, a moment of contemplation; and—[*Knocking at window.*—still fresh interruption! Who knocks?

[*MUSIC.*—*The window is hastily opened by the Dumb Boy, who enters, and, throwing himself at Sir John's feet, indicates that he is pursued, and that he is dumb.*

Sir J. Dumb, and pursued. Ah! Captain Taffrail here; is it of him you are afraid? [*MUSIC.*

Enter TAFFRAIL, and two Sailors.—*The Boy runs towards Taffrail, embraces him, places his hand on his heart, and indicates that he is his friend.*

Sir J. What am I to understand? Captain Taffrail, what seek ye?

Taf. Protection for this poor boy, who is pursued by a smuggler.

Sir J. By a smuggler! Boy, can you describe your wrongs; can you point out your enemy?

[*MUSIC.*—*The window suddenly opens, and Hans Hattock looks in.—Boy screams, and runs towards Sir John.—Hans disappears.*

Taf. Behold the oppressor, Hans Hattock!

Sir J. Let him be pursued. [*Exit Sailors, L.*] Boy, you remain here in safety.

[*MUSIC.*—*Boy expresses joy and gratitude, embraces Taffrail, points to the window, then exit with Sir John, R.—Taffrail hurries out, L.*

SCENE III.—*A miserable Hut, composed of two Boats, and rudely thatched—window and door—the back scene dark—knotted rocks on the flats.*

Enter HANS, hastily, L.

Hans. 'Tis the place: luckily, I have discovered it just ere nightfall, which has screened me, also, from further pursuit. Old comrade, ho! Guy Ruthven—Come forth, I say!

[*Knocking violently—Guy, with a lamp in his hand, opens the window.*]

Rut. What want ye? Is it Guy Ruthven you seek? No violence! I'll not be taken—no—I'll fire the thatch—burn the cabin—burn it, with myself, to ashes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Wildly.*

Hans. Ugh! don't you know me, Guy Ruthven? Why, man, I'm an old friend; look at me: I'm Hans Hattock, your old captain, come here on purpose to shake you by the hand.

Guy. Hans Hattock, the rover, here again; it can't be—mortal men, laden with crimes like his, live not through such storms as I have heard. Demon of darkness, even in that form I know thee; tempt me no more to the edge of yonder dreadful precipice—leave me—go, go, go!

Hans. Nonsense! how you talk: is this your hospitality to a comrade who brings you aid and comfort.

Guy. Comfort to me—ha, ha! mocking devil! leave me!

[*Shuts the window violently.*]

Hans. Ah, dog! come forth, come forth! or my fury—you know me—[*Shaking the door.*]—Guy Ruthven, ho!

Enter GUY RUTHVEN, abruptly, wielding a staff.

Guy. Horrible tormentor, fly!—or—death!—

Hans. How's this, Guy Ruthven? how's this? I'm not to be cajoled; be mad to all the world, but not to me: the blood that you have sold, do I not know the price—tremble!

Guy. [*Dropping the staff.*] Blood, innocent blood: my secret—oh yes! then you are indeed Hans Hattock. Oh, these hands—how often and vainly have I plunged them into the sea-wave to wash away the guilt which enstained them, which enstains them still.

[*Shuddering.*]

Hans. Bah! what is all this? When first I knew you, you had the courage of a man.

Guy. Yes, yes, yes; for then I felt like a man conscious of his own integrity. The sky shone on me, then, all blue and lovely, though in sorrow; the sea of my life was smooth, dangerless to what it became afterwards—dreadful was the tempest that ensued—all wreck'd; hope, peace, innocence.

[*Wildly.*]

Hans. Psha! hadn't you the revenge you coveted so?

Guy. Revenge, on a poor defenceless boy.

Hans. What if I tell you that the boy lives.

Guy. Lives! said you not at our last interview that he was drowned.

Hans. Yes, that was because you were always talking of confessing—I did it to mislead you; but I tell you now, he lives, and on this very shore too, and is this

moment in the Castle, and under the protection of Sir John Trevanly: they have taken him there for safety; I listened, and overheard.

Guy. Then all has been discovered.

Hans. No, no; the boy was happy enough in the ship, clever and active as the best man aboard, till a dying fool, stung with what he called conscience, revealed the whole story of the lad's being forced away while an infant; but, as luck would have it, I cut short the disclosure just time enough to prevent the discovery, not of the mother's fate, but of the father's name. The boy was never happy from that moment; and at length found means to elude even my vigilance, and quit the ship.

Guy. And knows that Sir John Trevanly is—

Hans. Have I not said—no; that secret is still our own; but the urchin must not be suffered to escape, even though they detain him at the Castle: you, who know the subterranean passes so well, must conduct me, and some of my crew, at midnight—

Guy. Not through those fearful vaults again—no, no, never again—do not ask it. [Recoiling.]

Hans. Better there than to the gallows, where you and I must soon be swinging, if that boy's evidence—

Guy. I will not—I dare not—

Hans. [*Fiercely.*] You shall! coward-hearted slave! Will it content you to walk tamely to the scaffold, while that boy laughs at the ruin he has wrought: have you ceased to remember the mother that bore you? over whose grave you swore—

Guy. Oh! do not, do not, I implore you, rekindle flames which have already raged too long; do not add new life to the misery which gnaws, and has well nigh eaten, its way to my brain. [*Pressing his brow.*] O—h! for you, seek your ship again; leave every ill here to me.

Hans. I can't go without my cargo: I won't go without the boy. Will you do as I require?

Guy. No.

Hans. The night thickens; I'm not to be trifled with: it were as easy to carry out that boy by the means I have suggested, and that without suspicion too, as it is to run before the wind. Who amongst the few inmates of the Castle is to thwart us? You are still obstinate? Force, then, must compel you. [*Blows a whistle—several*

Pirates enter, L.] You see, I'm not quite defenceless ; seize that deserter from our ship.

Guy. Hold ! I'm no deserter from your ship.

Hans. You left us without my permission ; and, though years are gone since then, you know the rules which bind us, bind us all ; and, if you refuse to become our pilot this night, expect the resentment you merit ; forward : if he hesitates, do your duty.

[They seize him.]

Guy. Nay, hear me ; what should urge me on ?

Hans. Your father's infamy ! your mother's wrongs.

Guy. Spare me, spare me ! Brain, brain !

[They force him out, L.]

SCENE IV.—*A back view of the Castle, composed of a Turret occupying half the Stage, beyond which, over a rampart of rocks, the Sea, by moonlight—A Verandah and Window, practicable in the Turret beneath, which is a Skylight ; on the R., a Rampart, overhung by a Tree ; near the Rampart, a Ladder.*

AMELIA discovered in the Verandah.—Taffrail beneath.

Taf. Stay, dearest Amelia,—why thus hasten my departure ? think what I have endured since last we met. Ah ! you little imagine what fond and faithful emotions swell the breast of a sailor, while ploughing the green sea-billows : he turns to the recollection of the far-distant maid of his heart, his brightest hope and solace. Let me, then, still continue to gaze on those dear eyes : tis early yet—the moon is scarcely up.

Sam. *[Peeping over rampart, R.]* Captain, captain, you'll excuse me, but I hear a boat—we may chance to get a clincher if we don't peg off.

Taf. At this hour ! who can it be ?

Ame. My uncle ; in his wildness, of late, he paces the ramparts. Adieu.

Taf. Till when, Amelia ?

Ame. Soon, very soon : your generosity in behalf of the poor Dumb Boy to-day has induced my uncle to speak of you with less reserve ; he perceives the regard which we entertain for each other, and, I am quite sure, will not long withhold his consent. Let us not, then, by stolen interviews, appear to doubt his goodness, but part at once. Adieu.

[Exit, L.]

Taf. Adieu, lov'd Amelia !

Sam. Captain, captain, look sharp, or you'll have a chisel thrust into your ribs—I hear them coming.

Taf. The ladder! quick. [Exit by ladder]

Bec. [Entering by verandah.] I'm sure I thought my young lady never meant to leave off courting; these gentlefolks never considers any folks' wants, but their own. I wonder what Sampson would say, if he know'd I'd consented to meet little Mister Jupiter to-night—what a while he is a coming,—I don't hear him whistle. Yet I told him how he might climb the wall there, by means of the old tree, as easy, as easy—any body below there? [Coughs.]

Sam. [Peeping over the wall.] That's Beckey's hem! It's as musical to my ear as the notes of my hammer; how hammerous I am of Beckey, to be sure. [Enters by ladder.] So, all still again—Beckey, ah Beckey!

Bec. Who is it?

Sam. Your own dear Sampson Sawdust, love! I wants to kiss your beautiful red hand, Beckey.

Bec. Sampson, as I live! I'm sure you be vastly per-lite, Mr. Sampson, and if you were tall enough to reach my hand, as the night's dark enough to hide one's blushes, mayhaps I might consent, for once,—so you would go home and go to bed sober, like an honest man.

Sam. Tall enough! Oh, I've got a ladder here, Beckey, and a strong one, too—made it myself, on purpose to come a courting with.

Bec. A ladder! dearest me, if Mister Jupiter should arrive, what a dickament I should be in, surely.

[He places the ladder under the window.]

Sam. [On ladder.] Oh, Beckey! this is the most suspicious moment of my life. Oh, Beckey! all other women, compared in beauty to you, are but as common white deal compared to Spanish mahogany,—this night, Beckey, this celestral night, I swears, by my adze and my plane, you've excited such a locomotion here, as makes my heart all curl up like a new shaving, and my lips as dry as sawdust itself.

Bec. I hopes, Mr. Sampson, you don't mean to take any ungentleman-like vantage, sich as trying to get up here, because, you see, nobody would hear me if I were to scream ever so loud.

Sam. What, not nobody at all, Beckey?

[A part of one of the Ramparts is opened, and Hans appears, listening.]

Bec. No, Miss Amelia is gone to her chamber ; Sir John sleeps at the other end of the castle ; nobody rests on this side, except the stranger boy, whom the captain brought here to-day—he's put into that room ; [*Pointing up.*] but he can't hear, you know, because he's dumb.

Hans. In that room !

[*Retires.*]

Sam. What the devil was that ?

Bec. When ? [*Hears a whistle.*] Mercy on us ! it's Mr. Jupiter's signal · how shall I manage ?

[*Jupiter, behind the verandah, puts up his head, and disappears.*]

Sam. There, again ! [*Whistle.*] Don't you hear it ?

Bec. No.

Sam. Then here's deaf and dumb near enough each other for once. I hope, Beckey, you've not been playing me false ; my blood boils at the idea, like a glue-kettle over a slow fire. See ! see there ! that's very like a man's head bobbing up and down behind that apple-tree ; and very like little hop-o'-my thumb's head, too. Ah, Becky, I'm afraid you're perfiderous. I'm afraid you are.

Bec. Sure and sartain, the man's not in his right mind.

Sam. You knows well enough who's a coming ; this is a pointment unbeknown to me, Beckey. You are perfiderous, I say : I'm an undone carpenter ; but I'll give your gallant a welcome he little dreams on : I'll make him look as contemptible as a one-ear'd donkey, I will ; only admit me into that there chamber.

Bec. What the deuce does the man mean ? I'll cry murder, so I will.

Sam. Do : nobody will hear, you know ; so, if you expects me to be your wife—no, no, if you expects to be my husband—bah ! lend me your cap, and not a word—in I come. [*Enters the window, by the verandah.*]

MUSIC.—Enter JUPITER by the Tree —He whistles.

Jup. Nobody answers yet ; that must be the window—how cunning in me to pretend to the captain I was ill, and must go to bed,—he little thinks where I am ; no, no,—he's fast asleep by this time. Ha, ha ! poor Sampson, I wonder how his head feels ? He, he ! Beckey's in the right on't—we marines are devils of fellows. So, so, here's a ladder ! Well done, Beckey—I know what a ladder, placed under a pretty woman's window, means. Poor devil, Sampson, how I pity him ; I wonder how his horns are ? ha, ha, ha, ha ?—*Sampson looks out*

at the window, with Beckey's cap on.—Beckey! hist, Beckey dear.

Sam. Heigho! did you speak?

Jup. Yes, it's I, your own cunning little Jupiter.

Sam. You may come up in a minute. Oh!

Jup. Only just suffer me to feel the ends of your fairy fingers.

Sam. Yes—there! [*Strikes him and closes the window.*]

Jup. Oh, murder! [*Falls through skylight.*]

Sam. Immortal Jupiter fallen into the coal-cellar; and Beckey gone squalling into the castle like an alarm-bell. I shall be taken up for murder and housebreaking, and hang'd, without judge or jury. Oh! somebody else.

[*MUSIC.—Comes down and conceals himself, as Hans and Smugglers enter—he perceives the ladder, and enters the Castle, as they disappear.—Re-enter SAMPSON—he removes ladder, and places it against the opposite Rampart.*]

Sam. There's a gang of 'em—Jupiter, I say! so! the little man's safe enough; more frightened than hurt.—Jupiter, I say, are you there?

Jup. Yes, I'm here, safe as a mouse in a trap—lend me a hand. Oh!

[*MUSIC.—A loud cry—the Dumb Boy appears at the upper window, through which he escapes, and lets himself down to the Verandah—noise—Sampson runs up the ladder, and escapes over the Rampart.*]

Sam. So, more alarms! heels befriend me. I—oh! I'm afraid I'm a coward as well as a carpenter; I'm afraid I am.

[*MUSIC.—The Dumb Boy escapes, by climbing over the Verandah—he is pursued by Hans and the Smugglers—the Boy is half way up the ladder, which Sampson has left standing against the Rampart—Hans is about to seize him, as Guy Ruthven, from the secret opening, rushes in, and, snatching up a fragment of rock, stands in an attitude of defiance at the foot of the ladder, and cuts off the pursuit.*]

Guy. Fly, boy, fly, and save yourself; and he amongst ye that dares to advance a single step to harm one hair of his defenceless head dies instantly. [*Picture.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Deck of the Smuggler's Ship, by moonlight.*HANS HATTOCK, GUY RUTHVEN, and CREW, *discovered, seated and lying about, carousing.*

CHORUS.

Here's a health and success to the free-trader,
Wherever the sea-breezes blow—

May prosperous gales
Fill our bonny white sails,
As over the billows we go,

Merrily,

Merrily,—

A health! a health to the free-trader, &c.

HORNPIPE.

Enter HANS, from the Hold.

Hans. (c.) Ha, ha, ha! that scoundrel, Guy, thought to betray us, but, thanks to the defenceless state of the castle, and the lateness of the hour, we brought off all safe; they must have sharp wits indeed who think to outwit me. Master there, turn the boy off to his duty again, and hawl up the other prisoners before the mast. So, here comes the runaway.

[*MUSIC.—Enter the DUMB BOY, R., with two buckets in his hands, beneath the weight of which he appears sinking; he puts them down in despair, and throws himself at Hans' feet.*

Hans. Come, come, none of your palaver here, youngster. You thought to elude my craftiness, did you, by flying to the old cave? But it wouldn't do: I knew the haunt too well. Only you do your duty, and you'll find me, as usual, a most indulgent master. Recollect, I could have better spared any of the crew than yourself; you, with your slim figure, climbing about the rigging like a cat, in here and out there, above and below, where no grown man could stow himself. To your duty, to your duty, and you and I'll be better friends than ever.

[*MUSIC.—The Boy starts up, throws down the buckets; stretches out his hand, in token of Heaven's vengeance, and his own resolution still to effect his escape.*

Hans. So, you threaten me : refractory, eh ? Aloft, I say,—still obstinate ! seize and lash him to the bows ; let him threaten there till the cold waves wash away his fury.

[*MUSIC.—The boy is forced out, R., by two of the crew.*]

Guy. Hear me, Hans : by our old acquaintanceship, by the fidelity with which, for many years, I served you, I pray of you, on my knees, let that boy go free. he knows nothing that can harm you, out of this country ; and, for myself, though I have been dragged hither like a dog, I'll stay with you for ever, through fair weather and through foul, as I have stayed, and serve you till I die.

Hans. No, no, Guy Ruthven ! you stay not here ; it was only in the hurry of the moment that I brought you off ; you would have betrayed us ashore ; you are an old comrade, and I will not take your life : a boat there, ho ! a boat.

[*One of the Crew hauls the boat alongside, L. ; and the two who forced off the Boy re-enter, R.*]

Guy. I'll not quit the vessel without the boy ; if he remain, so do I.

Hans. Hadn't you better take command of the ship at once, ha, ha, ha !—Away with him to the boat ; we shall have it morning else.

[*Two of the Crew advance to sieze him.*]

Guy. Sailors, if you are men, as you hope to be pardoned your offences hereafter, hear me, hear me.

Hans. What ! would you excite a mutiny, too ? The manacles, I say. [*Two of the Crew fetch the manacles, and put them on.*] I'll not leave you till you are fairly rid of, and the first man that dares to open his lips in reply to your appeals—he !—they know me ; to the boat !

[*MUSIC.—The Dumb Boy rushes in, and throws himself into the arms of Guy ; he is torn away by some of the Crew, and carried out. R., sobbing violently.—Smugglers return directly, R.*]

Guy. [*As they carry out the Boy.*] Boy, boy, you and I will meet again.

[*Guy is dragged into the boat, and followed by some of the Crew, as Jupiter, in great disorder, runs in, R.*]

Jup. Good Mr. Hans,—sweet gentlemen ! if you are going ashore, pray take me with you—I assure you

I'm a wrong'd individual ; I don't like my berth ; if you would but just take me from whence I came, I should feel so much obliged.

Hans. No, no a detected spy stands little chance of liberation here. You must be sneaking about to watch our actions, must you, out of windows and skylights ; you shall see enough of us, I warrant you.

Jup. Indeed, Mr. Hans, that was all a mistake ; I'm no spy, upon my word and honour.

Hans. Can you deny that you belong to Capt. Taf-frail's vessel, which would be down upon us with a broadside in less than five minutes, if we would suffer you to quit this. Down with him into the hold till my return ; then to decide whether we take him to work through the voyage, or toss him over to the fishes.

[*Hans and another get into the boat, and exit, L.*

Jup. Toss me over to the fishes ! Oh ! Jupiter, Jupiter, a most inauspicious star art thou to thy namesake and representative this night. Fishes' meat ! this comely and interesting person food for sharks and lobsters. Ah, Beckey, Beckey, this comes of going a courting by moonlight ;—beware, ye lovers all—beware, I say—[*Two of the Crew seize him, while the rest open a trap.*]*—Oh—o—h dear ! sweet gentlemen, if ever your feelings was touched, I—oh !*

[*They force him down, shut the trap, and exeunt, laughing, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Cavern opening to the sea, near the Inchcape Rock—still moonlight—across a projecting timber, and directly over a clump of rocks, hangs the Inchcape Bell—this Bell is attached by a chain to a Floating Raft, which lies on the other side of the Cave, at the water's edge—an upright mast is embedded in the sand near it.—As the scene opens, Sampson appears, descending hastily, but cautiously, R. U. E.—the Raft is lifted up and down by the rising and receding of the tide, and the Bell rings softly.*

Sam. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear ! what a run I've had ! Thanks to the bell's clapper, I know exactly where I am now. I wish every bell's clapper were half as useful—fooh If them rascals should have robb'd

the castle. If I don't hang myself before morning, I shall be taken up as an *accomplish*; and, if the smugglers happen to catch hold of me to-night, they'll be laying an embargo on me, to prevent my 'peaching:—A sober man like me in such a quandary:—where am I to go—what am I to do? I hear a boat—the smugglers, by all that's horrible—I'm press'd, and sent to sea. Luckily, I seldom travel without my hatchet, stuck into my belt; and, if they comes any nonsense, why—but I'm afraid I'm a coward—I'm afraid I am—so I'll creep in amongst this clump of rocks, just under the old Inchcape Bell, and lay there as still as a gimlet in a nail-box, till I can summon up courage to run away.—Oh!

[MUSIC.—*He creeps in amongst the rocks immediately under the Bell.*

Enter GUY RUTHVEN, HANS, and the Smugglers, through the Cave, R. U. E.

Hans. Here we part, Guy Ruthven, and for ever. It was on this spot we first met, the old bell ringing as now. You recollect that crazy mast.

Guy. Recollect it!—Oh yes—yes. It was there she fell, the unhappy Lady Trevanly:—it was there these hands scoop'd out her unhallow'd grave. Why have you brought me hither?

Hans. Merely because our boat happen'd to get aground here, somehow, I can't account for it. The tide sweeps up against this old cavern stronger to-night than ever. I can't say I should have entered here by choice; but, as it is, bring the rope from the boat.

Smu. You gave no orders for one.

Hans. Here; you tear the rope off the Inchcape Bell—make haste:—that rope will do exactly for my purpose.

Guy. What act of impiety are you about?—Would you silence that bell, whose friendly voice has saved so many human beings from perishing? Have a care, Hans, lest your own ship, as a judgment on you, in the darkness of this very night—

Hans. Bah! The rope, the rope, I say: we have no other means of securing him to the mast: see, now, your rough grappling has made those crazy old timbers give way, and the bell is coming down with its own

weight. No matter ; ease it to the rock, and off with the rope—quick ! quick !

[They sever the rope, and the timbers break—they let down the bell, which falls directly over the crevice where Sampson lies concealed.]

Guy. Mercy, Hans, mercy : if you leave me here, here, in this place, more dreadful and distorting to me than a living tomb, ere morning, the waters, which have already covered the Inchcape Rock, may rise and overwhelm me.

Hans. Not so—the waters never rise above the summit of that mast, to which we'll leave you length of rope enough to climb ; and you need not fear, but at sunrise the hue and cry at the castle will send Taffrail and all his men on the look-out through every creek of these rocks. As for the bell there, I'm not sorry 'tis down : I never liked the sound on't pealing out of this place—it was like—bah—farewell, Guy ; look to our next meeting. Aboard there, aboard—the sky's as dark o'the sudden as though we should have a squall—to the ship, ho !

[MUSIC.—Hans enters the boat, followed by the Crew, who have tied Guy to the mast.—Exeunt, R. U. E.]

Guy. Hans ! Hans !—pity me, pity me :—gone, all The echoes of these terrific rocks yell in mine ear, like the accusing groans of the gone for ever. In my wild, mad fancy, I see again the white form of her, who, sleeping or waking, has ever haunted me—midnight, too—hour of all hours to the guilty most terrific.

[The moon disappears, and the waves become more agitated.—MUSIC—Guy attempts to climb the mast, but falls strengthless.]

Sam. *[Under the Bell.]* Hillio ! ho ! Where am I ? *[He breaks away one side of the Bell with his hatchet, and peeps out]* Where the deuce am I ? As I live, while I have been poking about to no purpose, to find another way out, if the old bell hasn't fallen over the door of my berth, and extinguished me. *[Comes out of the bell.]* Lucky I had my hatchet, or I should never have been able to cut this bell. What do I see ? Mr. Boreous coming to invade these territories ; then I must decamp, or—

Guy. A friendly voice. Help ! help !

Sam. O dear ! here's a dead man calling for help. Who are you ?

Guy. A wretch.

Sam. Wretches must be saved, as well as other folks. Here's another job for my hatchet.

[*Chops the rope, and releases Guy.*]

Guy. Kind fellow, I'm bound to you for ever.

Sam. Fiddlededee ! You were bound to the post, you mean ; but we must think of going—this way. I know another track.—Oh dear ! [*Sees Taffrail and Marines.*] here's another knot in the wood.

Enter TAFFRAIL and Marines, with torches, R.

Taf. Hold ! we have watched you from the heights above ; we have noticed your communion with the suspected boat, which just now left the cave. You are our prisoners, and must attend us.

Guy. Whither ?

Taf. To the castle.

Guy. Willingly.

Sam. Dear me, captain, don't you recollect me ? I'm honest sober Sampson, at your honour's service.

Taf. I know you well enough, Sampson ; but your presence here, and your recent separation from yonder men—these matters surprise me.

Sam. What men, your honour ? I'm a ruin'd carpenter, your honour, as sure as deals is deals, and brandy is brandy.

Taf. I have no doubt you are an excellent judge of the one, as well as the other. Do you think you could tell smuggled brandy by the taste ?

Sam. Oh, to be sure—that is. [*They laugh.*]—I'm afraid I've got into a kind of a sort of a hobble here. Don't hang me, your honour. Oh dear !

Taf. Hang you,—no ! If you merit a rope's end, and if it be left for me to decide, why then—

Sam. What then, captain ?—Noble captain, what then ?

Taf. Why, then, I am afraid you'll come off with the worst on't. For let me tell you, Master Sampson, there is nothing so agreeable to me in life, as to punish the rascal who is base and mean enough, for his own paltry ends, to rob his native country of its dues, or the equitable tradesman of his just rights, and the lawful earnings of his honest industry.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Castle.—A Window, through which lightning is seen at intervals.*

Enter BECKEY, sobbing, followed by AMELIA, L.

Bec. O dear ! O dear ! I will break my heart at last, so I will.

Ame. Don't take on so, Beckey : all will be right yet, depend on it.

Bec. Ah, miss, it's all very well for you to be tranquil, and calm, and easy ; your sweetheart is to be found safe and well—but what's become of mine ? both on 'em ; poor Sampson—poor little Jewpeter—both carried off by the nasty wicked smugglers. If they had left *one*, it wouldn't have been so bad ; but to take away every bit of 'em—mine's a hard case, so it is.

Ame. Well, but, Beckey, isn't Captain Taffrail gone in quest of him : how fortunate for me this circumstance, which has introduced the captain to the castle, to protect us, as he says.—I'm quite sure my uncle is grateful, and doesn't dislike the captain.

Bec. No, no, miss : you'll get a husband by last night's adventure, while I shall lose two : but suppose the smugglers should carry away the captain too, miss. [*Aside.*] I wonder how she likes that.

Ame. Heavens, Beckey ! how you frighten me.

Bec. [*Aside.*] I thought so ? If she would grieve for the captain, what must I do with double her loss ?—Hah ! didn't you think you heard the great gate flap to, miss ?—[*As Beckey runs to the window behind, Amelia crosses to R.*]—Yes, it's the captain and his men, and I do really believe I hear my Sampson's musical voice—if it should be he, I'll not lose any more time, and so I'm determined. [*Runs out, L.*]

Ame. (R. c.) I hope they may have rescued the poor Dumb Boy—so amiable—so interesting.

Enter SIR JOHN TREVANLY, R.

Sir J. (c.) So unfortunate, too—his image haunts my recollection like the bright spirit of a happy dream.

Enter BECKEY, L.

Well, Beckey, is he safe ? [*Crosses to Beckey.*]

Bec. (L.) Oh yes, Sir John, quite safe, and quite well, heaven be praised ; and looking—

Sir J. The sweet picture of innocence.

Bec. As innocent as a little lambkin.

Sir J. His looks have in them such a forcible appeal to the heart; where is he? I long to behold him again; I would almost gladly adopt him as my son.

Bec. [*Aside.*] As his son? Here's luck!—you needn't be afraid—you may come in.

Sir J. Come in! oh yes, these arms shall be to him an asylum. Lovely and unfortunate child, advance.

Enter SAMPSON, sheepishly, L.

Sam. May I come in?

Bec. Yes, yes, your peace is finely made, I promise you—here he is, your honour.

Sir J. Who?

Bec. Sampson Sawdust.

Sam. Sober Sampson, at your honour's service. [*Crosses to Sir John.*] The best hand at a hammer for twenty miles around.

Sir J. But I was speaking of the Dumb Boy.

Ame. And I.

Sam. That makes all the difference.

Enter TAFFRAIL, L.

Sam. Oh, Beckey, Beckey, you are the very turn-screw of my affections. [*Goes up the stage with Beckey.*

Taf. Here's one without, Sir John, who, by his discourse, could, I think, tender some information respecting the object of our mutual anxiety.

Sir J. Pray admit him.

[*Marines and Taffrail go over to R.*

Enter GUY RUTHVEN, led in by Marines, L.

Ame. Heavens! 'tis the strange and solitary being whom we have so often observed from the battlements, wandering on the sea-beach, and gazing so intently at the castle.

Guy. How my heart trembles!

Sir J. Fear not me—I am misfortune's friend.

Guy. Misfortune's friend!—he—oh!

Sir J. That groan of desolation—perhaps I may assuage your sorrows.

Guy. You—yet hear me; for Providence has conducted me hither to speak a tale of woe—a tale to which no ear but thine and mine should listen.

[*Sir John waves his hand for the others to retire.*

Ame. Dearest uncle, you surely will not trust yourself alone with—

Guy. If I am feared, cover me with fetters; bind me—I'll not resist.

Sir J. No, no; go, all.

[*Exeunt Amelia and Taffrail, R. S. E., Beckey and Sampson, L. S. E.—Marines, R.*

Sir J. Now, friend, speak boldly.

Guy. [*Starting from abstraction*] Ah! we are together, and by ourselves; I thought to have found myself more courageous: I—Sir John—Tre—van—ly; you must hear me patiently.

Sir J. Willingly; proceed.

Guy. [*Turning up the sleeve of his coat and showing a miniature clasped to his arm*] Do you know that portrait?

Sir J. Heavens!

Guy. [*Kissing the miniature.*] It was my mother!

Sir J. You, then, are——?

Guy. Your son! that is, your natural son. My mother, as you know, was beautiful as she was poor and humble;—you sought her dwelling with all the glitter of wealth and power blazing around you; you swore what she, poor confiding victim, believed; she was lost—you deserted her—and——she died. [*Bursting into tears.*

Sir J. I will not hear thee——

Guy. Yes, for the sake of the true son, the lawful heir of these proud domains, whose destiny hangs on my lips—mine, you will, you must hear me.

Sir J. Ah! say'st thou—speak—speak.

Guy. I was, indeed, but a mere infant when my unhappy mother, stung to the soul by your marriage with another, first gave way to the despondency which at length, happily for herself, destroyed her. Oh, Heaven! can I ever forget that death-bed scene? the annihilation of all that I loved—of all that ever loved me. Too young to be conscious that she was dying, I saw the last tear gleaming in her eye unmoved; it was only when I felt her prayer-clasped hands frozen round mine own, and shuddered beneath the wintry coldness of those late affectionate lips, which, as I kissed them, no longer impressed mine, that the terrible conviction rushed like a thunderbolt to my brain, and I was assured—— I knew, that she was dead. [*Crosses to R.*

Sir J. [*Trembling.*] Well—well—well?

Gny (R.) Enough that an aged relative sustained me—

one who, amid the struggles of bitter poverty, disdained appealing to my unnatural father ; I myself would have starved ere I had implored his charity. Cruel man, where is now thy lady wife?—Seek her in the grave dug by these despised, but not inhuman hands. Where is now the proud heir, whose high and honourable name was to fall like a mildew on the hopes of the recreant bastard?—Seek him in beggary, even more abject than mine—in calamity still more poignant. [*Crosses to L.*]

Sir J. Horror ! has hate made thee an assassin ?

Guy. (L.) Who is he that asks it ? Is it less merciful to stab with the pogniard, which, at a blow, destroys all misery, than to wound with the seducer's arts, which entail unceasing anguish ? But no, no, I am no murderer,—thank Heaven ! I am no murderer !—Robbed by thee, ere I was born, of fame,—marked by adversity for its own, what refuge had I but with the very humble—the destitute ? No paternal voice still'd my sea of passions ; no friend shielded me from insult ; pressed into the service of Hans Hattock, I heard a plan to rob this castle ; by a letter from yourself to my mother, I had discovered the secret staircase to the ramparts ; revenge almost changed my nature to that of a demon ; I led the ruffian band—thou wast absent—thy wealth—thy wife—thine honourable son,—all, all, all were torn away, ha, ha, ha, ha ! [*Laughs wildly and crosses to R.*]

Sir J. Their fate, in pity ?

Guy. The lady, I know not how, for the night was dark and stormy as my wits, in the pursuit of her child—it might be, impelled by frenzy, rushed over the edge of a precipice, and was dashed to death.

Sir J. Ah ! woe is me ! and the boy ?

Guy. He was my prize, mine alone. Many years I fostered him in our ship ; kind was I to him—how much kinder than thou to me ! I meant to hate him, but my hate changed all to love, and the poor thing loved me, too.—He was dumb, I know not why ; and, when my unsettled reason compelled me to quit the ship, I left him behind me, happy, and brave, and good.

Sir J. And does he live ?

[*Lightning seen at the window.*]

Guy. Yes, and you have seen him, the Dumb Boy.—Alas, for this crazy night—he lives in the vessel of Hans Hattock.—[*Wind and guns heard.*—Hark ! signals of distress ; how the wind roars.—[*Going—gun heard at a*

distance.] The sea-mist gathering all around ; the Inchcape Bell, too, no longer warns the vessel to avoid yon fatal rocks : but I'll go—I'll warn them in an open boat, alone. Oh, spirit of my sainted mother, look down upon me, this night ; where I shall be struggling with the dark deep waters, aid me to save yonder innocent boy—to place him once again in the arms of his now penitent father. Then, mother, and not till then, thy wrongs and mine will nobly be avenged.

[*Rushes out, L.—Storm.*

Sir. J. Help, help, who waits ?

Enter AMELIA, TAFFRAIL, &c.

Amelia, I have found my son !

Ame. Oh, where ?

Sir J. The Dumb Boy ; in the storm, in yonder ship !

Taf. Ah, let us fly,—fly all, to save him.

[*Crosses to L.—Storm.*

Sir J. That done, Amelia shall be yours ; farewell, my child, fear not thou. Heaven pardon and preserve us all ; how the storm rages. [*He embraces Amelia.*] Farewell ;—remember us in your prayers.

[*Music.—Exeunt hastily, L., all but Taffrail and Amelia.—Storm.*

Taf. Dearest Amelia, farewell. Inspired by love and pity at the same time, 'tis impossible I should do otherwise than succeed ; and, depend on it, Amelia, our union will not prove the less happy, because we purchased its consummation by previously subscribing to the rescue of an unfortunate fellow-creature.

[*Exit, L.*

Ame. Nay, leave me not. I'll follow.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter BECKEY and SAMPSON, R.

Bec. And will you leave me again, Mr. Sampson ?

Sam. Yes, Beckey,—enterprise calls, and valour pints the way ;—bless you, I swims as naturally as any goose ; don't alarm yourself about me ;—and, when I've lent a hand i' the storm yinder, and the worst is pass'd, back I'll fly with a wedding-ring, and I expects to find a quiet dromedary in your arms.

Bec. Dromedary, indeed—dromitory, you means.

Sam. Do I ? what a scholar she is. How the sea is a hammering ! up and down, like a saw at work. Good bye, Beckey ; and, above all things, stick to your larning ; oh ! oh !

Bec. Oh! [*He embraces her, and exit, L.*] If he should be drown'd, it might be a week, or perhaps a fortnight, before I could find another. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Wreck of the Rover's vessel on the Inchcape Rock, during a storm.—As the scene changes, a dreadful crash is heard.—Sailors clinging to the shrouds, &c.—Some of the rigging falls.*

Crew. Help! help us, heaven! the ship has struck on the Inchcape Rock!

Hans. On the Inchcape Rock!—Oh, horror! The vessel lies wedged in between these accursed masses of stone, still and motionless as a drowned man in his last berth. Wither'd be this hand which sunk the warning bell—that bell whose kindly voice would have caution'd us from these wild shallows.—Retribution, it comes—it comes!—

Crew. The leak gains rapidly upon us—five feet water in the hold—the pumps are choaked already

Hans. The jolly-boat washed away, too—we are lost—all, all must perish. Methinks, struggling with the din elements, already I hear the strokes of the accusing bell, knelling me to perdition—Mercy! mercy! [*Tears his hair.*]

Crew. A boat! a boat!—a man alongside!—a rope! a rope!

Hans. What unearthly being, what unhallow'd boat, could exist in such a storm? Yet, as I live, and feel, by the fast sinking of the ship, approaching death, true, as ye say, a boat has reached us from the land. That desperate man, who is he?

Enter GUY RUTHVEN, R.—he forces his way through the Sailors, who are thronging to the side of the ship.

Guy. 'Tis I, Guy Ruthven!—the Dumb Boy! Where is he?—Speak, Hans Hattock, as you would rescue yourself, me, and all these men from perdition,—speak, speak!

Hans. [*Aside.*] Ah, blessed thought!—the Dumb Boy! there! there! [*Pointing to the Cabin—Exit Guy Ruthven hastily into the Cabin—Hans, to the Crew.*] Now then, while he remains, into his boat, and save yourselves!

[*The Crew shout, and hurry into the boat, R., while Hans goes to the cabin-door, and fastens it with a chain.*]

Hans. Ha, ha, ha! you that would betray Hans

Hattock, stay there, and perish,—[*Going to the ship's side.*] while I—[*Groans, L.*] The boat sunk with the weight of the crew, and I here—madness—ah!—

Enter the DUMB BOY, from another Cabin.

Hans. Thou the cause of all my despair and misery—revenge!

[*He seizes the Dumb Boy, and drags him forward—the Dumb Boy sinks on his knees, L., while Hans draws a knife from his belt, and observes him maliciously.*

Guy. [*At the Window.*] Horror!—Hans! Hans! let not your last moment be lost in murder. The ship is sinking.—For the sake of your own soul, mercy! mercy!

Hans. No, no—Revenge! revenge!—he dies.

[*He brandishes the knife—the Dumb Boy falls against the rigging.*

Jup. No; not he, but you;—[*He shoots Hans from the hatchway.*]—there, rascal, how do you like that?

[*Jupiter rushes forward and liberates Guy Ruthven, who receives the Dumb Boy into his arms.*

Hans. Oh! I die—revenge—re—— Ah! that accurs'd bell—still, still knelling—death—terrible—spirit of Lady Trevanly, leave me. I—sinking—sinking—help—I——

[*Falls amongst the rigging.*

Guy. The boat gone!—the crew escaped! consternation! We, then, are the only victims doomed to fall. Oh, heaven! is it thus thou sufferest infamy to triumph—innocence, like this, unheard to die?—All have sunk like a shot in the deep trough of the sea! Hans Hattock and his lawless crew, all gone to their long account—pardon them! pardon them; for us, alas! although the storm abates, the waters are breaking upon our decks, we have no hope!

Jup. [*Waving his hat.*] Yes, yes, a boat quits the shore. They seek us—Ho! ho! hillio!

Guy. You know not the extent of your danger. The vessel is going down piece by piece; follow me:—[*Guy supports the Dumb Boy with one arm, and with the other he grasps the mast—Jupiter follows him.*]—For this poor victim, 'tis well he's unconscious—Help! help!

[*A boat is seen leaving the shore in the background, R. and crossing to L., just as Guy Ruthven, the Dumb Boy, and Jupiter are sinking with the mast, which is struck by a thunderbolt.*

Re-enter SAMPSON, TAFFRAIL, and SIR JOHN, in the boat, into which they drag Guy Ruthven, the Dumb Boy, and Jupiter.

Guy. Mother ! mother ! it is accomplish'd !—you are avenged.

[Guy places the Dumb Boy in Sir John's arms, and sinks exhausted with fatigue.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

TAF.	SAM.	DUMB BOY.	SIR J.	GUY RUTHVEN.	JUP.
L.					L.

THE END.

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